

Took A While (Be Us)

Lil Tjay

Ooh, ooh, ooh

Ooh, aah (Ayy, Kontrol, sauce it up)

Stood down, took a while for me to be up (Aah, be up)

Youngin from the mud, so I T up (T up)

Pull up scorin' on you niggas, tell 'em, "D up" (Aah, D)

'Fore I signed another deal, I was three up (Three)

Probably one of the last, they thought it was C up (Aah, it was C up)

Took the check, flip the check, had to re-up (Had to re-up)

Flexed up, supermodels gotta see us (Aah, see us)

If it ain't us in the city, they wan' be us (Be us)

Four whips, probably pull up in some new shit

Police tryna pull me, I'ma cut 'em like some Ruth's Chris

When I smoke, tell the cop niggas I ain't do shit

Fendi on my body, you can't find it, it's exclusive

Before rap, I was on the block like a cruise ship

They all say they tryna get paid

You ain't 'bout money, lil' nigga, you stupid

Don't come with your hand out my way

I come from poverty, I got my check up

Fit cost a dub, plus a milli' my neck up

You still a fool, boy, you need a inspector

'Fore I go broke, I go lock in with Hector

Really know that shit don't be on my mind

They say everybody got his time (Time)

All I know is right now I'ma shine (Shine)

The label just offered a dub to re-sign (Sign)

How he so young? He go dumb in his prime

Everything he wanted done fell in line (Line)

Haunted his mind, tanner than nines

That bitch on TV, I'm bussin' her spine (Spine)

Now I'm tryna get to the tippity-top

I got too used to just havin' my way

Hundreds, I pray, hundreds, the play

Tour life, that shit be a hundred a day

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Too official, they chase popular plays

I got two bucks just from rockin' the stage

Labels tryna sign me, I told 'em, "Forget it"

If it ain't double digits, these albums, they vague

I've been focused, buggin', gettin' these rolls

Twenty up, still really up, twenty, let's go

Clear my mind, might hit an island and celebrate

Jet for the gang, probably fly out some hoes

'42, I pour her up 'cause she freaky

Ten piece, her stomach fat, told her, "Come eat me"

Brought her a Birkin, she asked for a CC

I ain't no trick, but I like how she treat me
These bitches love me, my body so different
Hit after hit after hit, repetition
Grateful for rap, don't gotta be in no kitchen
Hungry nights, I had to walk with the Smith and

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